

The Marble Hill Press

Hill & Chandler, Publishers.
MARBLE HILL, MISSOURI.
"The wages of sin is death." And sooner or later every man collects his pay.

Chiefs do not guarantee the quality of its war news, but it makes good quantity.

A Pennsylvania woman has been killed by a hook, which looks like a turning of the table.

Dancing masters have decided that the two-step must go. The side-step will continue to be popular.

Commander Perry feels that he has a few more toes to sacrifice in the great cause of arctic exploration.

Game is reported plenty in the woods. A pinch of salt sprinkled on the bird's tail adds to its edible quality.

Editor Bok says every woman should wear a twenty spot. The women, no doubt, will accept the advice on the spot.

How queer it must look to a Spaniard to read in the American news papers about a flood on "the Rio Grande river".

The Guatemalan ants have not done much so far beyond providing the detectives with another mysterious disappearance case.

The Vancouver Indian who bought a coffin and a keg of gunpowder subsequently discovered that he really didn't need the coffin.

Dr. Wiley says that Scotch whisky is an imitation. Hoot, mon! You will next be telling us that the Scotch bag pipe is full of hot air.

They haven't got through wondering out in the Cream City yet why the battishmill Milwaukee was "christened" with champagne.

Tobacco is smuggled across the Canadian border in bales of hay. Some antidote will have to be discovered for that tobacco habit.

An Indiana man has invented a foot-chair that will go into his hip pocket. Wonder what he thinks a hip pocket is made for, anyhow?

The news that alcohol is made from honey may lead some gentlemen of leisure to revise their adverse opinion of the little busy bee.

At the last battle of Bull Run 10,000 men got lost. As Gen. Sherman might have said, but didn't, sham war is a blistering shame.

An African potentate, the alake of Abeokuta, is on his way to this country. Our native smart alakes will, of course, receive him with due honor.

Japan is all ready to dictate terms of peace to Russia, but, like the typewriter with the toothache, Russia isn't taking dictation just at present.

Chicago reports a growing tendency toward vegetarianism. That is not surprising. Corn and soy products have always had a wide vogue in Chicago.

So "New York crowds starve at William Waldorf Astor." No wonder. They want to see the eccentric person for whose "little old New York" is not good enough.

The scientists say there'll be no Niagara falls 3,500 years hence. We're very glad now we didn't miss our chance to see the falls on our last vacation.

Gen. Corbin is opposed to army officers marrying without the consent of the war department. This may be all right, but what does Gen. Ma say on the subject?

Before accepting Prof. Metchnikoff's theory that sour milk is the elixir of life, will some one kindly ascertain whether the professor is interested in any dairy enterprise.

Mr. Chesty Gullett is running for office in one of the southern states. If he doesn't get it in the neck it will be safe to assume that there is absolutely nothing in a name.

The war department has rightly decided that the bow-legged man is as much out of place in military service as he would be as a shortstop—though not exactly in those words.

It is said that tobacco hidden in hay is being smuggled into the United States from Canada. We have long suspected that most of the campaign claims have been smoking were largely composed of hay.

The eminent bacteriologists' germ-killing bees convince all gentlemen with copper-lined stomachs that they may drink any kind of water with perfect safety. But the trouble is they don't want to pay such a price for safety.

A Utah preacher having sued a widow for \$150 for preaching her husband's funeral sermon obtained judgment. Perhaps her disinclination to pay was due to a too strenuous assurance that the dead man had entered a happier state.

It is a little discouraging just as Santos has discovered that we can live on grass to learn that Mr. Billings sometimes pays \$100 a ton for hay for Lou Dillon. But then a ton of hay would last a much longer time than it would Lou Dillon.

Some genius has now developed the telephone idea so that you can see the person you're talking to. This useful invention means, of course, that you can never get a woman at the other end of the line until she's taken time to put on her good clothes.

The announcement that a Chicago woman, whose husband's income is \$5,000 a year, spends \$650 a year for her own clothes is interesting; but assuming that the family lives, in other respects, up to the wife's clothes, an explanation of how the husband gets his would be illuminative.

The British museum has a love letter addressed to an Egyptian princess and inclosed on a brick. It must have been even worse in those days

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CHAPTER XXVII—Continued.

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